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MR. KINGSTON RECEIVES A THREATENING LETTER.

GOLDEN HILLS; OR, SINGLE INFLUENCE:

A TALE OF RIBANDISM AND THE IRISH FAMINE.

CHAPTER I.—OPENS THE GATE.

A SLANT ray of weak January sunshine fell athwart a farmyard gate, between two poplars, which stood in a row of such lank sentinels, edging the ave-

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nue which curved away to the road. In the path of the sunbeam stood a child, looking between the broad bars of the gate. He could have opened it—for the fastening was a wooden latch within his reach—but his eyes were riveted on an object inside the barrier, which was a powerful prohibition, even a huge watch-dog, lying in front of a

kennel. The glistening black nose was laid on the strong straight limbs, tawny reddish ears hung down on each side, and the bright brown eyes stared stedfastly at little Harry Burke. Once when his hand touched the latch, with a faint-hearted idea of entering, Hugo growled deeply between his sullen lips; and Harry took back his fingers as if the bolt were red-hot.

"How'll I ever pass him at all at all?" said the little fellow, with a disconsolate face. "Sure 'twould be asy for him to ate the likes of me intirely; I'm afeard I'll have to go home again, an', after Miss Liney axin' me to the school, mother'll be vexed."

Hugo here raised his vast tan-coloured person, and walked to the limit of his chain, uttering a smothered grumble of affection. Harry recoiled into shelter of the gate-posts at first, as he did not comprehend the beast's language, and had a lively fear that it might import some design against himself. But presently, peeping out, he saw that Miss Lina had come from the house, and was patting the head of the terrible dog, while she looked from the gate.

"Ah, Harry, I wondered whether you would come to-day," she said. "You will not be afraid of Hugo after a little while. He is not cross when he knows people." So she opened the gate, and Harry entered, keeping as far from the dog as possible, and followed Miss Lina to a door in the out-buildings. It opened at the foot of a rickety staircase, leading to a long low room under the rafters, which seemed to be a repository of lumber. Here, on chairs disinterred from the residuum of olden furnishings, Lina's scholars were assembled—a few poor children, clean and cold-looking in their worn clothes—by whom Harry was greeted with a recognising grin.

"Come and warm your hands for a moment," Miss Lina said to him, as she arranged the sods of turf on the hearth into a bright blaze. "Rub them together; they are very cold, poor little fellow!"

Harry knew that the kindly blue eyes of the lady were bent upon him, but he did not venture to look up; he preferred viewing his own red feet. And Miss Lina—of what was she thinking? Of this other human soul brought under her influence; of the never-ending life begun in this untaught child—a life the vastness of which he knew not, nor the stipendious interests involved. And she breathed in silence a prayer to her Saviour, that he would enable her to sow the seed of salvation in that soul.

She seated herself before the row of children. "Recite this day's verse," she said.

They stood up, and the tallest repeated: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

By a few simple questions she elicited their own idea of these words, and then explained them shortly, illustrating with such an instance as might occur in any of their lives. Lina was not very fluent or very clever: perhaps her exposition would hardly bear the test of a printed page; but the children knew what the verse meant when she had done. She then called Harry Burke beside her, while she endeavoured to fix it in his memory.

This was wearying work; he was unused to learning by heart, and many times had she to repeat it, clause by clause, before he could say it connectedly.

Lina's two hours of teaching were nearly come to a close, when the door below was heard to open stealthily; and presently, above the highest step of the stairs, was seen a boy's face, crowned with bright curly locks under his cap, his eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Hope the educational establishment goes on well, ma'am. Want any corporal punishment administered? I've the whip in first-rate order." He lashed it with a resounding report, as he sprang into the room.

"Frank, dear——!"

"'Frank, dear' is not going away; it's of no use to tell him; he's longing to have at some of the naughty boys. This chap looks contumacious—eh, ma'am?" The whip pointed to Harry. Master Frank leaned against an aged cabinet, which creaked and trembled with his suppressed laughter at the dismayed faces of the scholars.

"You will really frighten some of them," Lina said, gently putting her hand on his arm; and if that hand had not touched him lightly as a falling leaf, and pleadingly her eyes looked into his, Frank's recklessness would have continued to make fun of their terrors for some time longer. As it was, he only made choice of another line of teasing.

"Frank, I cannot teach them while you remain," Lina said, with the slightest tinge of peevishness in her voice; whereupon he rejoined willfully that he should stay so long as he liked. She was sorely tempted to a retort, but closed her mouth resolutely against the rising words of irritation. Frank mimicked the accent and slow speech of one scholar who was reading, in a manner so ludicrous as to stir even Lina's lip with a quivering smile, despite her vexation: he saw it, and was encouraged; he quite upset Harry's newly-taught notions of the alphabet, by misnaming all the letters, and put some frightful stitches into Mary Connell's work.

Lina was able to take no notice of his tricks; so, after a little, he bethought him of some other pursuit, and withdrew his mocking presence. When the pattering feet of her scholars had gone likewise, the teacher sat with hands folded, and a saddened curve on her lips, reviewing her failures of heart-duty. She knew how easily Frank could upset her equanimity: it was her most vulnerable point; she heard his irritating laugh in the yard, and Hugo's deep baying, as he provoked the dog to bark at the barefooted children. "Oh Frank, Frank, how you do tease me!"

Not the first time, by many, that she had made this exclamation; and no endurance seemed sufficient to harden her against his petty powers of tormenting. Lina was of a nervous temperament, not very strong in health, nor very elate in spirits; the boisterousness of his very mirth often overpowered her.

"I will not leave this room till I have quelled this irritated feeling," she said, half aloud: "I must not permit myself to be so easily excited. I—a Christian! what a miserable Christian!—"

made angry by a boy's play. Oh for an unruffled spirit!" Lina hid her face in her hands: when she raised it from the prayer, it was serener.

"There goes Saint Lina from all her good works!" Frank exclaimed, as she emerged from the door. "A fig for the good works that don't help one to keep one's temper!" he added, mischievously, observing the sudden flush that mounted to her forehead. Lina paused as if to speak: he held up his hand as though to ward off a blow, and retreated, laughing in his mocking way.

A calm cold afternoon settled upon the world. Haze thickened from the broad sea like frozen breath, and hung over the low sun a reddening veil of vapour. The Golden Hill—so called from a tradition of extinct mines—was purple and violet, because of its much heather; but the buildings on its lower slope—Lina's home—were ruddy with the westering gleams of day. A spur of the hill was protection against the full sweep of the sea-wind; but before Mr. Kingston's house was a wide bay, fringed with brown cliffs on the farther side, which cliffs were perforated with caves and deep inlets, into whose recesses the waves rolled thunderingly evermore. White patches of snow, which had fallen with the coming of the new year, and were still unmelted, diversified the faded fields. Lina walked rapidly, in the face of this view, by a narrow road leading to the shore. In the curve of the bay was a fishing village of some two-score straggling cottages, and a solitary pier stretching out into the blue water, at which a pilot-boat lay moored.

On the beach the slow-coming tide washed over round pebbles, and drew them back again in its reflex, with a rolling sound like summer thunder. A knot of boys, chief among whom was Frank, were looking at something intently. The object of curiosity was a stranded fish—a broad monster, more than half jaws, and having a bunch of thread-like filaments growing from its head. Frank recognised the creature as the fishing-frog, which burrows in the sand with bird-like claws, to lie in wait for prey, having its filaments floating above as baits. Frank felt proud of his knowledge, and of his audience, though only ragged boys; but, seeing Lina, he hailed her with an halloo.

"Where are you going to? Is it for a walk? Don't look cross if I say I'll go with you: it's your duty to welcome your brother with open arms. Let us come and see the Puffing Caves; they are in grand action to-day. Look, there's a jet!"

He pointed to a column of white vapour shooting some sixty feet into the air, from behind a promontory at a little distance. "Do come, Lina; Brennan says they're magnificent to-day; the swell is right in from the south-west."

"I was walking to meet papa and William," she said.

"And I know they'll come by the shore road," he added eagerly. "They always prefer it; and papa will be sure to remember that the caves are puffing to-day, and will want to see them. We can see the car pass from the cliff."

"But we could not stand in the cold, Frank: I think it is freezing already." Lina shivered.

"Here, take my comforter:" he had it half unwound before she could protest: "I am all in a glow. I ran down from the hill. Girls are so chilly, always! There's Laura has not stirred from the fire all day."

Lina scarcely heard his chattering, as they walked along rapidly. A common anxiety engrossed her—one which had lain down and risen up with her for many a day—concerning her father's safety. For the times were perilous in Ireland; men's lives were of little value in the eyes of the lawless Riband tribunal, which held the country under a reign of terror. The newspapers were filled with outrage and assassination, every week some new tales of murder blotting out the old with more horrifying details; and never did her father or brother spend a day from home, but the hearts left behind were pained with anxiety. Lina bore much of the burden alone, for the subject was not spoken of; the interests involved were too agonizing for common speech.

Frank threw himself on the rock, to listen to the reverberation of the surge rolling into deep caverns far beneath. "Isn't it splendid? Just listen to the grand roar!"

They stood where the falling spray, from the momentarily dissolving vapour pillar, could not touch them. Onward came a great green wall of water, whitening at top, through every shade of aquamarine, into snowy foam; it swept majestically into the yawning caves; an explosion, and a white jet was forced upwards by the confined air, thirty feet over the cliff; and when the surge reached the narrowest-mouthed and inmost of the caves, the solid rock was shaken by the energy of its repulsion, and a column of fine white vapour was hurled aloft, nearly seventy feet into the air.

Lina was always silent when much impressed: she had now no words to corroborate Frank's ecstasies. She looked on in a kind of fascination, till Frank proclaimed that the car was coming.

Lina met her father with a tight pressure of the hand, which caused him to look at her particularly. His was a quiet breezeless face; one which resembled, curiously, such a frosty evening as this—clear-cut, composed features, with a keen, steady eye beneath the bronzed forehead. You could have told that a heart of iron bravery beat under that broad breast. From his front pocket projected the shining muzzle of a revolver.

He walked over upon the cliff, to look at the sea. "I am glad you have returned so early, papa: how did the court business get on?"

"The prisoners were committed for trial," he said. Then, after a pause of looking at his daughter's face, where anxiety was very legible, he added: "I am not afraid to do my duty, Lina; and you must not let your little heart be perturbed by possibilities, which are not probabilities. I trust in Providence."

Mr. Kingston stood on the very verge of the cliff, and gazed down into the boiling eddies in front of the caves, and a dark expression grew over his face; the lines between his brows deepened. No pleasant subject of recollection produced that sternness.

"What is the matter with papa, Willie?" Lina

stood by her brother, as he drew off his heavy boots in the hall.

"Business," was the brief reply; and he stooped to unfasten his trowser-strap. William found it hard to feign. "He had some letters which he did not like."

Truly; among them was a threatening notice.

CHAPTER II.—BEFORE SUNRISE.

MR. KINGSTON's office was at the back of his house, and had a separate entrance. It was a business-like apartment, with a counter running across near the outer door, and desks within; cases full of great leather-bound ledgers, and walls adorned with almanacs, local maps, and notices of various kinds, having dust in their creases. And there is a skeleton clock swinging away in one corner, which presently strikes six. Being an orderly, well-conducted timepiece, of sound constitution, rarely known to lose or gain a minute in the course of its existence, you may rely upon it that six is the hour by the heavenly bodies, if circumstances permitted any of them to be visible. We have reason to believe that the Polar Star and Charles's Wain are as usual; but they look upon an earth wrapped in snow-clouds. As for the sun, he is shining, as yet, on Mount Egmont, in New Zealand, in the evening of a summer's day; his rays slant on the arid plains of Central Australia; he reflects himself in coral lagoons of the Pacific. Naturally, he is reluctant to come round here, and looked from the soiled gray sky upon a landscape of leaden sea and white land.

It was a few minutes past six when Mr. Kingston unlocked his study door, and entered. A fire had been laid ready for kindling; with matches and papers he made it blaze up speedily. Falling flakes of snow sputtered into it, which had lost their way down the chimney. Moodily he sat and looked at the flame, leaning back in a leathern arm-chair the while, the candle guttering down at his elbow, because of a draught from the open office door. Gleams of the light flash back from the bright long barrel of a rifle, lying in brackets over the mantelpiece. A shot-pouch and powder-horn are fitting pendants at either side. Between them hangs a peaceful water-colour view of the Lower Lake of Killarney, suggestive of some rich August sunset.

This room resembles its owner's mind; which is the case with many rooms which men adorn for themselves to live in. Not much of anything that is not practical and useful is here. Writing materials are on the green cloth, and red-backed books stand in orderly ranks, promising no more interesting literature than accounts, and rent-rolls, and maps of townlands. An open blotting-sheet bears the impression chiefly of the firm, strong signature R. B. KINGSTON, in every variety of diagonal, as each autograph chanced to be printed down upon it. Yesterday's letters are here, under the weight of a bronze greyhound couchant; and one of them is, I suspect, the cause of Mr. Kingston's early rising this morning.

A very ill-written, ill-spelt document, on copy paper, with a drawing, more spirited than correct, of a blunderbuss at top, a skull and cross-bones

at the end; the intermediate paragraph being as follows:—

"Tak Notis if Yew turn out John Carmody, or if yew witness agenst the Gradys at the Sizes that we are reddy for yew and make yer Will and bye yer coffin for the Guns is reddy and yu will share The fait of Smith so Be warned in Time.

"CAPTEN MOONLITE."

Mr. Kingston examined it closely; saw where the paper had been torn from a larger sheet, with symptoms of having been perhaps sewed into a book, once; took a letter from a bundle labelled in a drawer, and compared both, selecting the same words in each, and noting the special forms of spelling peculiar to each. "No, no," he said aloud, "not resemblance enough to found any charge. All these fellows' writing is like the schoolmaster's that taught them; it has no idiosyncrasy."

A tap came to the door: Mr. Kingston folded up the paper quietly. It might have been any friendly letter, by the unembarrassed countenance which looked round, and saw Lina entering, bearing a little tray.

"Papa, I've made a cup of chocolate for you; I feared you might not be well; I heard you coming down-stairs."

"Thank you, my daughter."

Lina was timid: she felt as if she had intruded. When the chocolate had been five minutes neglected, she found opportunity to observe: "It cools quickly, papa; I think you will say it is good when you try it."

He drank it absently, and bade her bring her books, or work, and sit with him; which done, he took no further notice of her, but sat writing rapidly, covering sheet after sheet with his large decisive handwriting.

By and by he said, speaking so suddenly that she started: "Could you find time to copy this? Your doing so will save William the trouble, and will oblige me."

She was glad to be able to do anything for him. In a clear, clerly hand, she proceeded to transcribe; her father had given her a few writing lessons in the neglected points of legibility and compactness. Eight struck by the accurate office clock before she had ended, and closed the book marked "Confidential Correspondence." Something connected with that copying had caused her eyes to fill and her face to colour, as she bent over it.

"Papa, if the people knew that you write for them in this way! But they don't; they think you hard and stern, papa; they do not know your kind, kind heart." Lina's lips trembled, and she turned away her face.

"Look here," he said, showing her another sheet. It was a letter, short and decided, to a bailiff residing near the farm occupied by John Carmody, informing him that, on a day named, the sub-sheriff would be at Ballymore, to evict various families for non-payment of rent. "This is the side of papa's character that the people see, Lina; you will allow that they have reason, seeing no farther, to think me severe. I cannot show disapprobation of Mr. Everest's proceedings openly,

no matter what I may think of them. Indeed, Mr. Everest can hardly help himself: his estates are heavily encumbered, and his expenses large."

"But if the tenants knew that it was not your fault——"

"Impossible; John Carmody imagines that if he could get speech of Mr. Everest, he could prevail on him to remit all arrears. I bear the odium of everything."

"It is hard that you should, papa!"

"Don't trouble your little head about it," he said, lightly: it was a favourite phrase with him. "Tell me, how gets on your school? Remember there are pens and copy-paper in the office, whenever the pupils are sufficiently advanced. Thank you for this morning's work, Lina." And she felt sufficiently rewarded by one of her father's rare, bright smiles.

A little before noon, when the sun asserted itself in the hazy heavens as a spot of weak brightness, a countryman came up the avenue. A strongly-built, black-browed Celt he was, with a slouch in his broad shoulders, and a furtive look about his small eyes.

"Here's Carmody of Ballymore," said Mr. Short, the chief clerk, setting his spectacles up on his forehead. "He's a bad chap, and there's nothing for him but the turn-out. They say he's a sworn Ribband-man—eh, Michael?"—which, being addressed to a subordinate, received an immediate assent, after the manner of subordinates in general. "I don't like to have much to say to those Ribband-men, they're dangerous customers," said Mr. Short, with a grimace and shrug. Both had subsided into blandness, when the door swung to after the new-comer. "How are you, John?" said Mr. Short, with friendliness; "cold weather, this."

An original observation, and altogether unlikely to occur to ordinary minds from a survey of external nature, which Mr. Short had addressed to every one, from Mr. Kingston down to Nelly the housemaid, whom he had met that morning; and which he would perseveringly address to every one whom he should meet, till bed-time.

Mr. Kingston had seen the arrival of his visitor, and took down the shining rifle from its brackets, with an odd smile on his face, and went into the outer office.

THE MONTHS IN THE COUNTRY.

JANUARY.

THE new year opens in the grasp of winter, which generally deepens in severity and intensity as the days of January advance. The old distich which says, "As the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," is, for the most part, a true saying, and the first month of our year may be regarded as the coldest and the quietest season of the whole twelve. The country-side puts on a remarkable and a most impressive stillness. The birds are dumb; of the insects, whole tribes are silent, while other tribes are dead as well as dumb; the cattle are mute and undemonstrative, turning a patient face on the exigencies of their lot, and submitting to be artificially fattened for the

butcher's knife. The broad grain-bearing slopes and the wide pastures are all comfortably asleep under a counterpane of snow; and the land, like its owners, while it rests in slumber, gathers vigour from repose. The field labours of the husbandman are comparatively few, and his industry at this season is mostly concentrated round his homestead, where his oxen feed in the stalls; and the thumping flail in his barns, or haply the steam-engine in the shed, threshes out the produce of last year's harvest. Whether the farmer patronizes steam or not, there is an atmosphere of steam around his dwelling just now; for the cattle steam in their sheds, the sheep in their folds, the horses move about in a mist of their own exhaling; and while "Marian's nose looks red and raw," her mouth emits a volume of steam in panting jets, as she brings in the foaming pails to the dairy, or pumps away energetically at the churn, to elaborate butter for the market.

This season of partial leisure is not uncommonly, to the well-to-do farmer, one of generous hospitality and of bracing out-door recreations. In these days of railroads and rapid locomotion, this is much more the case than it was with the last generation. Town and country cousins are now much more closely knit together than they were in the days of yore; they see each other oftener; the man of the glebe and furrow runs up to town at the tail of the iron steed whenever inclination goads him, while he of the mart and the exchange returns the visit as spontaneously at the convenience or the whim of the moment. January gives plenty of opportunity to them; both find business stagnating around them, and both as naturally turn for excitement to country sports. So Brown, of the Borough, writes down to Dobbs, of Tangley Grange, to say that he is coming; and (being a sportsman) as soon as he can manage to clean out his double-barrel, and lay in a stock of ammunition, he follows his letter, without waiting for an answer, well knowing that he will be doubly welcome. Pending his preparations, however, his sleeping-partner, Podgers, hears of his intention, and intimates that he has a mind to accompany him. "The more the better," says Brown; and so off they go, perhaps taking three or four city friends along with them.

They get down to Tangley in good time for dinner—a dinner served in Dobbs's stone-floored kitchen, and eaten by the light of tallow candles, fixed in chandeliers of prickly holly, mingled with sprigs of the watery-looking mistletoe—relics of the past Christmas. Over their heads are huge racks stuffed with portly hams, salted pigs' faces, and ponderous chins; and in the vault of the cavernous chimney the brawny fitches are hanging in clusters, imbibing flavour from the smoke of the monster logs, blazing on the hearth. The table groans with good cheer, in such plethoric abundance that Brown and Co. are in a state of admiration, and cannot imagine how it is all to be disposed of. Cut and come again makes scarcely any perceptible impression on the mass of the viands. After the meal, they adjourn to the parlour, and there, round the fire, discuss the news of the day, the gossip of

the district, and those phases of political affairs which affect most their own interests. There is no intemperate drinking; thanks to the march of social reform, that ancient vice is no longer, as it once was, a bucolic institution. Hilarity and sobriety now join hands, and a man is allowed to be as abstinent as he will, without incurring the suspicion of being anything but a good fellow. They go early to bed—earlier, indeed, than Brown and Co. have a partiality for; but the truth is, that Dobbs, and Mrs. D. too, who always rise at five, winter and summer, except when they rise an hour or two earlier, have been nodding in their chairs ever since the clock struck ten; and the whole of the rest of the household have been in bed an hour ago. "Good night, cousin," says Brown; "don't call me before it's light, there's a good fellow. Good night, Mrs. D." "Good night," in chorus all round, with a gathering of chamber candles—and off go all to "Bedfordshire."

Next morning, Brown and his partner start to enjoy what is commonly called "a day's sport;" but, in the course of their excursion, Podgers separates from him, with the understanding that they are to meet at a given rendezvous. Brown makes his appearance at the time appointed, but what has become of Podgers? The refreshments are fast disappearing, and still no Podgers. "Podgers, ahoy!" shouts Brown, at the top of his voice; but there is no answering cry from Podgers, and what has become of him it is vain to guess. Waiting for him, however, is out of the question. It will take two hours to get back to the farm, and by that time the sun will be level with the horizon, and Mrs. D. will have dinner ready. So now Brown starts back again, anxiously hoping that he may pick up Podgers by the way. It is getting dark as he approaches the farm, where other parties have already arrived; but no Podgers. Brown, growing exceedingly anxious, runs to an eminence near at hand, for a look round. Far down to the right he sees a bulky figure, hardly discernible in the dusk, which looks big enough for three men bundled into one. It can't be Podgers; and yet it must be he, for that is his dog, coming bounding forward with reeking throat and lolling tongue, and leaping on Brown, whom he knows as well as he does his master. When the dusk figure comes up, it proves to be Podgers sure enough, amplified to that enormous size by the dead bodies of pheasants, hung about him in such numbers that he can hardly stagger under them.

"Whew!" says Podgers, as he casts down his *spolia opima*, "there's the fruit of my day's work: what do you think of that?"

"A dreadful slaughter you have made, to be sure; but I say, Podgers, they are nearly all hens."

"What does that signify? I took 'em as they came: a pheasant's a pheasant, isn't it?"

Dobbs, who comes up at this juncture, stands aghast at the sight of Mr. Podgers's performances. The spectacle of thirteen hen pheasants, and only three cock birds, sets him tickling his left ear in rather a peculiar way. At last he finds out, by skilful cross-questioning, that Mr. Podgers has wandered off the farmer's grounds into the

squire's preserves, where he has been knocking down the brood hens, at the imminent risk of being captured as a poacher, which would most assuredly have been the case had the gamekeeper come that way. While rejoicing at the cockney's fortunate escape, Dobbs is yet vexed beyond measure at his blunder; but he is too considerate to reprove his guest, and concludes that the best way, for the present, is to say nothing about it. Such amends as he can make to the squire he does make, by despatching, on the following day, a double hamper of the game shot to the hall, for his landlord's acceptance.

With a hearty dinner, and a pleasant evening, the day's recreation ends; and next morning Brown and Co. and Podgers, well loaded with the spoils of the war, dash off by train for London, where they publish their prowess by distributing the results among their friends.

Such is a day's shooting at Tangley Grange, or at least such it happened to be when we last participated in the sport. If it should be urged that it is cruel to sacrifice so many innocent lives for the pleasure of the sportsman, we would ask in reply, what is Dobbs to do with his game? is he to let

"The merry brown hares come leaping
Over the brow of the hill,"

until they have eaten half his green crops? or are the pheasants to have free toll of his corn, until they are numerous enough to devour the whole of it? The truth of the case is, that the game must be kept under, or the land cannot be profitably tilled or the people fed; and really the writer is of opinion, with Fowell Buxton, that there may be neither impropriety nor shame in deriving pleasure and health by the performance of a necessary act.*

As January grows older, we usually find that the frost deepens, and so does the silence that broods over the land; for now the rivulets are choked with ice, the babbling brook is struck dumb, and if the river yet runs on, it runs under an icy platform, and its voice is no longer heard. It was on a morning towards the close of January, in our young days, when the ice had far more charms for us than it has now, that we set off to skate eleven miles to breakfast, starting half an hour before dawn. We had left the town some miles in the rear, and the dawn was just beginning to blanch the dull north-eastern sky, when far in the distance, relieved by the white rime of the hoar-frost, a figure came into view, the outline of which had long been familiar. It was old Pastor P——, whose threescore years and ten had been passed long ago, and whom we should have imagined snug in his warm bed at such an hour as that. What could he be doing there, painfully trudging along the bank at a two-mile-an-hour pace, in a temperature near zero? We put the question as we came up. "Ah!" said the good pastor, "poor old Morris of H—— is dying. I got a letter last night, and I felt that I must comply

* Game must be destroyed; but notwithstanding the high authority of Sir Fowell Buxton's name, there are many individuals in Christian circles who entertain doubts as to field-sports being an unobjectionable amusement. The question is an open one.—
[EDITORS.]

with his last wish : I hope to be in time." People generally did not give Parson P—— credit for acts of that kind, he being a rather taciturn, anti-gossiping man, who was content to do the right thing without talking about it : he had his reward, if not in the praise of men.

The skater in the country has a different experience from him of the city. Rushing along for miles in his solitary course, where not a sound greets his ears save the echoes of his steel-shod feet, and where, perhaps, for hours together, he sees no signs of animated existence, he is aware of a feeling analogous to that of the lone traveller in some desert region ; and he may chance to get a revelation from Dame Nature of a kind which she never accords to the crowd. So it happened on the morning already referred to. We had scarcely parted from the pastor, when we entered on a field of virgin ice, where our own foot-blades left the first trace of the explorer. The floor we traversed became literally as transparent as crystal, so clear indeed that we seemed skimming the surface of the water, through which the eye could penetrate to the bottom, sometimes as far as twenty feet down. By and by the canal opened into a small lake, surrounded by lofty trees, reflected in the clear ice of winter as they had been in the tranquil mirror of summer, and whose every branch and slender twig was clad in a pure white robe woven by the breath of the frost. Gliding over this translucent surface, and looking down into the depths below, with a sensation of awe not unmixed with fear, we came right over the summit of a monster water-plant, which, rooted in the bottom, twenty feet down, shot out its unnumbered branches, striking their tops against the ice under our feet. The branches seemed all of nearly uniform thickness, about an inch in diameter ; the leaves were of the shape of those of the mistletoe, but larger, and there were berries at their insertions, also larger than the mistletoe-berries. The colour of the whole plant, branch, leaf, and fruit, was a kind of jaundiced buff, but pale and ghastly, and appalling from its skeleton-like form, hue, and stillness. We confess that we had not courage to scan it very minutely, and, after a few minutes' wonder, ran away from it and the uncomfortable feelings it excited. What is the name of this sub-aqueous plant ? Is there such a thing as a gigantic water-mistletoe, thirty feet in diameter, which grows entirely beneath the surface ? and if not, what was the singular apparition which greeted us on that wintry morning ? All else that we recollect of that solitary trip is the fact that we did the eleven miles within the hour, ate a hearty breakfast, and got back to the town by the same route before ten o'clock.

It is a sad time for the birds, this ice-bound January. Multitudes of the smaller and more helpless species are starved or frozen to death—a fact which is not generally recognised, but the truth of which we can verify from the observation of many seasons. Numbers of our song birds which build in trees take refuge in winter in the close covert afforded by the reeds and sedge on the margins of the streams. Here, when the streams are frozen,

they often perish, and here we have found them again and again, after frosts of long duration. Now it is that many birds which, during the rest of the year, are very shy of man, are seen to approach his dwelling, compelled by hunger and cold : the thrush, the blackbird, the jay, the chaffinch, the yellow-hammer, the bullfinch, will now imitate the robin in claiming a pittance from the householder ; and even birds which one never sees at all in the summer will come fluttering about the house for a dole, and beg the hospitality of man. Next to the robin, the little wren is the most persevering and independent visitor ; his "chick, chick," is always heard in the nearest hedge, and he may be seen hopping about not a yard from the ground, and industriously foraging all the day long. In this country nobody thinks of molesting him, as there is a time-honoured prejudice in his favour ; and even if he is accidentally caught in the flap-nets when sparrows are hunted in the ricks, the farmer's boy will let him go again, thinking it a crime to kill him. Master Wren, however, has no such privilege in Ireland ; there he is hunted regularly on Christmas Day by the idle vagabonds of the district, and his poor little body is carried from house to house, his slayers exacting a subscription from the inhabitants, under the pretence of defraying the charges for his funeral.

A vast number of our winter birds migrate hither from foreign countries ; they come in flocks, sometimes of prodigious extent, as most of our readers know ; it is not, however, so generally known that the extent of these flocks, and the distance southward which they travel, is not a bad index of the prospective state of the weather ; the rule being, that the farther south such strangers penetrate, the more severe is the winter likely to be. It is sometimes asked why birds which do not migrate, do yet flock, and that in vast numbers. The answer is not easy to give. It may be that they herd together from a sense of danger. We have noticed that the severer the weather, the more do our home birds flock. In a mild winter, the larks, for instance, assemble only in small numbers ; but if the frost is of long duration, one sees them by tens of thousands in vast swarms. There is the same tendency among the smaller birds : long-continued cold will drive a dozen different races to the formation of one common republic, and you shall see them all in a cluster, shouting and chaffering on the ridge of a fence, or in some trysting-tree, till darkness puts an end to the din.

Some of our smaller animals would in such a season as this be still more helpless than the little birds, but that Providence has met their case by the instinct of hybernation. Among these is the long-tailed field-mouse, who lays up a store of grain, acorns, and seeds for himself (intending to eat them if he should happen to wake), and then goes to sleep among his hoard. He is so silly, however, as not to make his bed very deep in the ground, in consequence of which he is sometimes routed up by some prowling pig, and gets devoured, together with his winter store—a tit-bit of meal and vegetables for piggy. The dormouse is wiser, and rolls himself up in a more secure retreat along

with his winter diet. The squirrel prefers for himself a hollow tree; but he will lay by several hoards, having a presentiment that any one of them may be discovered by an enemy, in which case he can resort to the rest. The hedgehog is the most independent of all the hybernators. He makes no provision whatever, for a very sufficient reason: everything is food for him, and the roots of grass are the food that suit him best: so he curls himself into a ball in some hole under a bank, and goes to sleep where, if he should wake, he will find his familiar viands under his nose. Of the mode in which the bat hybernates, we once had rather a startling demonstration. Happening to penetrate some way into an abandoned quarry, one January afternoon, we found them by hundreds hanging from a crag in the roof, to which they were clustered one upon another, apparently to the depth of a foot or more. They would scarcely be roused by poking with a stick, and when moved they made for the light towards the entrance, but, driven back by the cold, were no doubt glad to resume their quarters as soon as we had made our escape. That many of our reptiles hybernate there can be little doubt, as whole tribes of them disappear and are sought for in vain. Occasionally an individual or two are found frozen and apparently lifeless; and it seems a well-established fact that, if carefully thawed, they recover their vitality.

If January is a meagre month for the naturalist, it is still more so for the lover of wild flowers. Here and there a daisy may be seen in some favourable spot, peeping up from the blackened grass; and towards the end of the month, if the cold be not much above the average, a few yellow blossoms may be gathered from the gorse—and that is all.

But lo! as January goes out, however bitter the cold, there is promise of warmth and sunshine, for now the days have sensibly lengthened, and we can look forward to the spring with the certain knowledge that it is not very far off.

FRANKLIN IN THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

WE present our readers this week with an engraving from the capital picture by Mr. CROWE, which some of them will remember having seen on the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition last summer. It represents a scene in the life of Benjamin Franklin, to which he thus alludes in his autobiography:—

“The printing-house of Watts, near Lincoln’s Inn Fields, being a still more considerable one than that in which I worked, it was probable I might find it more advantageous to be employed there. I offered myself, and was accepted; and in this house I continued during the remainder of my stay in London.

“On my entrance, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were

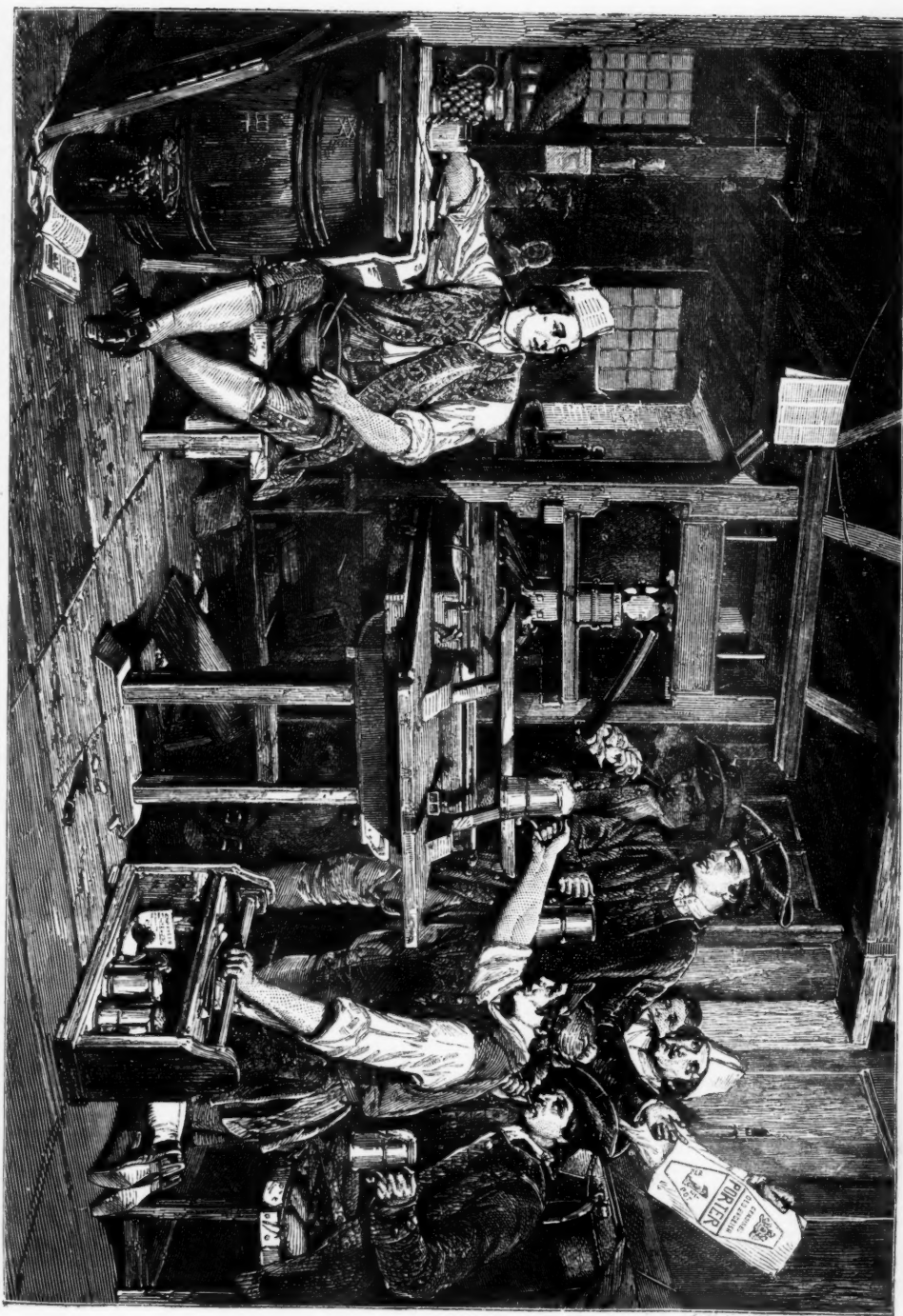
great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands in carrying one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the *American aquatic*, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o’clock in the afternoon, and another after he finished his day’s work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work.

“I endeavoured to convince him that the bodily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that, consequently, if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from taking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt.”

The picture which Franklin, in the above passage, draws of a London printing-office, is happily not generally applicable in the present day. The old race of pressmen, whose extravagantly sensual propensities earned for them the soubriquet of “pigs,” have nearly all passed away, and the intemperate use of stimulants among their descendants is the exception, and not the rule. Still, the exceptions are far too numerous; and whole hogsheads of beer, for which there is no real occasion, are daily consumed in the printing-offices of London, in every way to the disadvantage of the consumers. This is in a great measure owing to the custom, which is the same now as it was a hundred years ago, of allowing the *entrée* of the printing-office to the publican’s potboy. The public-house is always sure to take up a position wherever there is a printing-office of any pretensions; and the apparition of the potboy, bearing in both hands a bouquet of pint pots at meal-times, and at the half-way hours between meal-times, is as regular as the striking of the clock. Thus the working printer is never out of the reach of temptation; and from this cause, more perhaps than any other, it is that young men and lads learn the habit of drinking, who, but for the provocations to it thus unnecessarily set before them every day, and almost every hour of their lives, would never succumb to it at all.

Would it not be well if this were made a master’s question, and not left to the option of the men? An employer who would close his doors to the publican, would assuredly find his account in it; the experiment has been tried with success in other trades, and we see no reason why the printers should not have the benefit of it. The pressman’s labour is not nearly so arduous now as it was in

BREDAVIN'S PRINTER AT WATER'S PRINTING-OFFICE, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, copied by permission of Eyre Crowe, Esq., from his picture exhibited last year at the Royal Academy.



the days of Franklin; the old wooden press represented in the engraving was a positive engine of torture, compared with the improved iron presses of the present time, invented originally by Lord Stanhope, and brought to perfection by subsequent improvements. The muscular exertion required to work that old press was at least double that which is necessary with the presses now in use; yet have we seen, in times gone by, the old wooden press worked daily, and all day long, for years, without the aid of beer; indeed, we may add, *pars ipsi fuimus*, we have worked it ourselves continuously in our young days, without dreaming of calling in the aid of the publican. We do not deny that there are times when some stimulants may be necessary: in seasons of emergency work, when men are called upon to labour hard half the night, or all night long, as well as by day, it might not be possible or politic to do without them, especially in the case of men advanced in life; but, as a rule, they should not be had recourse to on ordinary occasions. There is, however, another thing to be taken into consideration. We have ourselves seen, a thousand times, men drinking beer in the workshop, who would gladly have drunk wholesome water instead, had that been obtainable. How rarely that is the case in London workshops, working men know but too well. What is wanted, then, before the publican can be finally ousted, is the substitution of a filter instead of the potboy; recent experience, in some of our manufacturing towns in the North, has shown that the cause of temperance has been greatly benefited by the establishment of drinking-fountains in the streets, by which out-of-door labourers are induced to quench their thirst with water instead of beer. It is our opinion that the drinking-fountain is quite as much needed in the workshop as it is in the street; it would destroy the monopoly of the publican, and, by removing temptation from the young, would materially tend to the nurture of a provident and sober race of workmen.

CALCULATION OF LIFE.

Those who regard the practice of life insurance as of recent introduction, will be surprised to find the following striking observations by Dr. Johnson, more than a century ago. They occur in No. 71 of "The Rambler," published in 1750.

"Among the many improvements made by the last centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but whatever may be their use in traffic, they seem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to the acquisition of money, than of wisdom; the computer refers none of his calculations to his own tenure, but persists, in contempt of probability, to foretel old age to himself, and believes that he is marked out to reach the utmost verge of human existence, and see thousands and ten thousands fall into the grave.

"So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and so strongly guarded by hope and fear against the approach of reason, that neither science nor ex-

perience can shake it, and we act as if life were without end, though we see and confess its uncertainty and shortness.

"Divines have, with great strength and ardour, shown the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance; a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time; we subject ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make provision for the execution of designs, of which the opportunity once missed never will return.

"As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away those months and years in which he should have laboured, must remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of Heaven, not one is to be lost."

ROBERT BAILLIE OF JERVIESWOOD.

1680.

ROBERT BAILLIE was descended of a good old family in Lanarkshire, and had the rare fortune to be connected, by affinity, with some of Scotland's greatest men. He was a great-grandson of John Knox, through the marriage of an ancestor with one of the Reformer's daughters. As I understand, his own mother was a sister of Lord Warriston; and he married his cousin, a daughter of that celebrated man. Through this connection with the Warristons, he was cousin-german to Burnet, the historian, who regarded him with the warmest esteem and friendship.

I scarcely know an instance where, in the case of a man so extraordinary as Baillie of Jervieswood, distinguished no less by his character than by his fate, the materials for biography are so few and disappointing. One reason undoubtedly is, that he was cast in an evil time, when wise men kept in seclusion, and good men were thrust out of view, and men remarkable for wisdom and goodness combined, as he was, were marked men, and required to be doubly guarded with their tongue and pen, as well as in their every action. We have light enough to comprehend such disreputable characters as Charles and James, Buckingham and Lauderdale, Sharp and Claverhouse. But when we strain our eyes to catch something of the lineaments of Robert Baillie, he seems to recede from our view as into a misty shade. Still, we have some memorials that bring us very close to him; and his is one of those strongly defined characters about which there can be no mistake.

We have an authentic record of his important public acts, and the concurrent testimony of some of his ablest and most discerning contemporaries. All meet on one and the same landing-place, and

agree in one common character. It is as simple as it is exalted. It looks all one way, and has no hidden corners or double aspects.

In my vision of Baillie, derived from various sources, I see before me a handsome and stately figure, compact and athletic; the contour of the face at once elegant and manly; the head a vast dome, elevated almost to disproportion in that region where the phrenologists have placed firmness, whilst the hair falls in great thick masses over the shoulders; the lips closely compressed, yet soft and rounded, the eyes large, luminous, and penetrating, but shaded by a contemplative depth of meaning; the forehead broad and projecting, with an appearance as if heavy-laden; the countenance betokening dignity and nobility, that might easily pass into scornfulness and pride, yet suffused also with an expression of calm and thoughtful benignity. The inward man was more than worthy of this majestic exterior. His character, as we have said, was simple, and of a perfect oneness. It is always difficult to dispose of such a multiform and mixed thing as human character by one word; yet Baillie's might very nearly be concentrated into that one word, *magnanimity*. His mind was truly great. In that age of meanness, frivolity, and vice, his genius naturally allied itself to great thoughts, great studies, great objects. His intellect was solid, vigorous, and comprehensive; taking in the whole range of knowledge, but particularly devoted to those branches which require industry, sustained attention, and the power of abstract thought. He was learned in the languages, thoroughly versed in law, and an adept in mathematics, and in the natural sciences as then known. "You have truly great men of great spirits in Scotland," said Dr. John Owen, in conversing with a Scottish friend; "there is, for a gentleman, Mr. Baillie of Jervieswood, a person of the greatest abilities I almost ever met with."

But if his great and varied abilities elicited so much admiration, what shall be said of his virtues and piety? Burnet describes him in one happy stroke—"a gentleman of great parts, but of much greater virtue." Magnanimous in everything, truth and honour were the two poles within which his whole actions revolved. By natural temperament, by the innate quality of his mind, no less than by education and self-discipline, he was capable only of the loftiest conceptions, of the noblest sentiments. Everything little, false, and corrupt, he spurned as the dust beneath his feet. In a crooked path he could not walk; in a foul atmosphere he could not breathe. Like the pine of his native forests, he loved the hill-top, in the upper region, high and pure, where the gales of heaven might breathe upon his branches. His resolutions and convictions were rooted too deep to be torn up by any blast that could blow; and his was that rarest and most heroic form of courage which is superior to events, which looks above the vain fleeting show of things, and stands immovable on the eternal laws of righteousness. His piety, like everything about him, was genuine, efficacious, and practical; and more concerned with the main thing—a humble and holy deportment in

the sight of God—than with questions of doubtful disputation.

Though debarred, as a Presbyterian, from public life, and keeping himself generally very retired, owing to the utter hopelessness of the times, yet he had reflected deeply upon civil government, and his political views were mature, rational, and enlightened. Into the political arena he brought all his high intellectual qualities, and all the grandeur and heroism of his character. During the great concerted whig movement in 1682 and 1683, he was the object of every one's confidence, of every one's veneration. He carried about him that priceless talisman, the magic of exalted moral character; he was boundlessly trusted by the country party of Scotland, the Melvilles and Campbells; by the patriots of England, the Russells and Sidneys; by the refugees in Holland, the Argyles and Polwarths; and he is believed to have been more completely the depository of the whole political secrets connected with the movements of that time than any other man. All-worthy was he of the trust thus reposed in him! His breast was the temple of honour, which nothing selfish or unjust could approach. All these secrets, so far as not otherwise discovered, perished with himself on the scaffold, though in return for them he would have received life, and estate, and every worldly advantage.

If his magnanimity of character commanded the regard and veneration of the good, it was fuel to the wrath, it was gall and wormwood to the temper of the persecutors. As lightning seeks to discharge itself on the tallest oak, or the highest spire, so, although Baillie had made few public appearances, he seems to have been the person in all Scotland most feared and hated by the rulers. Sharp, some eight years before this time, seized upon an infamous pretext, and by all that malignity, cunning, and falsehood could do, endeavoured to effect his ruin; and now the "Rye-House Plot" affords another opportunity to the ruling powers, to exhibit against him the peculiar fierceness and intensity of their malice.

Having been apprehended in London, he was speedily brought before the privy council. The king and the Duke of York were both present. The duke was in high feather, revelling in the misfortunes of the party that had so long struggled to exclude him from the throne. The king had now lost his former boasted gaiety, and was openly showing the malice and blood-thirstiness which had always been latent under his careless, smirking exterior, at least when he was in any way personally touched. They were both aware that Baillie held the whole secrets within his breast. So eager and anxious was the king, that he conducted the examination himself. At first he attempted to extract information by a show of courtesy and indulgence. When he found this ineffectual, both he and York became more vehement, and at length their passions broke loose, and they threatened Baillie with the most torturing punishments. Their low and sensual natures could not measure the man that was before them. This was none of their small courtiers, none of their trimmers and

apostates, whom they could always allure or afright. He had passed through a different training, and been formed in a school of which they knew nothing. Cold and indifferent to their courtesy, his magnanimous spirit rose in disdain at their threats. Just as Aristides, firm as Cato, devout as Polycarp, he bade defiance to their dungeons, their fetters, and their racks.

At the haughty and supreme contempt with which he met all their threatenings, they were enraged beyond all bounds. They were braved and discomfited in the height of their power; they had come face to face with a man new to them, whom they might strike, but could not influence, whom they might kill, but could not overcome. They had rebounded against that final limit, beyond which tyranny cannot pass, and were thrown back, reeling and helpless like the broken surge. The soul of man—true, brave, and free—is ever the impossibility of tyrants.

Foiled in their attempts, either upon his integrity or upon nature's horror of pain, they ordered Baillie back to the Tower, and commanded that he should be heavily loaded with irons, which was done to such an extent that his constitution, already undermined, was now completely prostrated, and his life rendered a burden and a misery. Another chance was given to him to redeem his life—not for his own sake, but to enable the government the better to prosecute their vengeance against others. For this purpose he was taken to Newgate, on the morning of the trial of Lord William Russell, and by every consideration urged to be a witness against him. For still the worldlings will hug themselves with the conceit, that virtue is all a sham, and honour but another mode of raising a man's price; and that he will no longer hold out, when he finds that he must either sell his conscience, or miss the market of life altogether. If they had minds that could be convinced, (but they have not, for the god of this world blinds their eyes with incurable darkness,) a man like Robert Baillie would teach them that life is indeed sweet, but an approving conscience sweeter; that wealth, and ease, and the delights of hearth and hall are a strong temptation, but vanish at the touch of honour; that death is awful, but that the voice of duty inspires a still deeper awe. It need not be said with what inexpressible loathing and abhorrence this heroic man turned away from all these enticements of the tempter.

Although there was no evidence against him to infer treason, or any capital offence even under the unjust and sanguinary laws of the time, yet nothing short of his death would appease the rage of the court; and in those days it was easy to murder a man judicially, if his death were once resolved upon. He was accordingly sent down to Scotland, where the laws could be more readily strained than they yet could be in England, and where judges and juries were but the beagles of the king's advocate. On his arrival, he was shut up in Edinburgh a close prisoner. He was in the lowest state of weakness. His wife, the "sare-tryed" daughter of Lord Wariston, supplicated admission to him, and offered to be laid in irons at his side, so as to remove any fear

of escape; but her supplications were rejected. His little daughter, twelve years of age, who sought to comfort him in his sickness, was also refused admittance. At length, when his trouble appeared to be mortal, his wife, and his sister Lady Graden, were allowed to come and attend him in prison: a few weeks longer, perhaps a few days, and his enemies would get rid of him by natural death, which was evidently near at hand. But this would not feed their revenge. It would also disappoint their avarice; for if he died a natural death, then his estates could not legally be forfeited. And if the Duke of York wanted his head, the government wanted his estates. All the while he was fast sinking. "Yet," says Burnet, "he was so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the reviving of the spirit of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans, or rather of the primitive Christians and first martyrs in those best days of the church."

His trial, in all the steps of it—into which, however, I shall not enter—was worthy of the Court of Inquisition. It was for a conspiracy against the life of the king and the Duke of York. The witnesses were his own confidential friends, who, by threats and every foul means, had been coerced into giving evidence against him—in fact, to purchase their own lives and freedom at the price of his destruction.

He was so weak that he was brought to the bar wrapt in his night-gown; and his sister sat at his side and supported him, and had often to administer cordials to keep him from fainting away. That "tinkling cymbal" of tyranny, Sir George Mackenzie, though he had admitted to him in a private interview that he believed him innocent, now declaimed with professional eloquence and acrimony on the hideous crime of which he had been guilty, and on the condign punishment which was his due. Baillie, as was his wont, listened unmoved and serene. At the conclusion of the advocate's harangue, he rose with difficulty, amid the breathless silence and earnest sympathetic looks of the audience, and, resting for support on the bar, thus addressed the president of the court:—

"My lord, I desire liberty to speak a few words, not being able to say much because of my great weakness. My lord, the sickness now upon me, in all human appearance, will soon prove mortal, and I cannot live many days. I find I am intended for a public sacrifice in my life and estate, and, my doom being predetermined, I will say nothing as to the justice of your lordship's interlocutor, finding the indictment relevant to go to trial. I am only sorry, under such circumstances, that my trial has given the court so much and so long trouble, by staying here till past midnight."

Then, turning to the jury: "Gentlemen, I doubt not but you will act as men of honour on the evidence which you have heard. The depositions of the witnesses, I admit, contain some hard things against me; and these must be your rule in coming to a verdict, and nothing that I can say may be entitled to any legal effect.

"Yet, for the exoneration of my own conscience, and that my poor memory and ruined

family may not suffer additional injustice from the breath of calumny, I am bound to direct your attention to this, that the most material witnesses were former associates and correspondents of my own, connected in what I was connected, embarked in the same principles and cause. Life may be precious to them; and the saving of it may colour or even add something to their evidence. One of them certainly is blessed with a very ready memory, which is never at a loss; yet I am sure there were some things said to have been spoken at a meeting which I attended, which I am positive were not—at least not when I was present. I say this merely in self-defence, and from my own consciousness of innocence. As to the witnesses who have appeared against me, I do most heartily forgive them.

"But," he continued, with a fire and energy which came from his noble spirit, not from his frail shattered body, "there is one thing which distresses me extremely, and where I am injured to the last degree: that is, to be charged with a plot to cut off the king and the Duke of York; and that I was engaged in this with such an ardent zeal and fury, that I sat up whole nights to form a declaration to palliate or justify such villany. I am, in all probability, to appear in a few hours before the tribunal of the great Judge. In his omniscient presence, and before your lordships and all present, I solemnly declare that never was I prompted or privy to any such thing, and that I abhor and detest all thoughts or principles that would lead to touching the life and blood of his Majesty, or his royal brother, or of any person whatever. I was ever for monarchical government, and I designed nothing in all my public appearances, which have been few, but the preservation of the Protestant religion, the safety of his Majesty's person, the continuation of our ancient government upon the foundations of justice and righteousness, the redressing of our grievances by king and parliament, the relieving of the oppressed, and putting a stop to the shedding of blood."

With a grandeur of manner truly electrifying, he turned suddenly from the court and the jury, and fixed his still penetrating glance on the Lord Advocate. For a moment he paused—half collecting the strength which was ebbing away—half swelling with indignant scorn. Looking full in the face of his adversary, who cowered beneath his eye, he thus appealed to him:—

"My Lord Advocate, I think it strange beyond expression that you charge me with such abominable things. Do you remember when you came to me in prison, you told me there such things were laid to my charge, but you did not believe them? How then, my lord, dare you throw such a stain upon my character, and with so much violence of accusation? Are you now convinced in your conscience that I am more guilty than I was at the interview where you freely acquitted me of guilt? Do you remember what passed betwixt us in prison?"

Every eye in the assembly was riveted on Mackenzie. He rose, agitated and embarrassed, and said in a tremulous and hurried tone: "Jervieswood! I own what you say. My thoughts

there were as a private man. What I say here is by special direction of the privy council." Pointing to Sir William Paterson, the clerk, he added, "He knows my orders."

"Well, my lord," was Jervieswood's stern ringing reply, "if you keep one conscience for yourself, and another for the council, I pray God to forgive you—I do."

Overpowered at last, not from any failure in his ever magnanimous spirit, but from sheer exhaustion of the enfeebled body, looking up to the president, he said, "I trouble your lordships no further," and sank back in his seat.

I need not say that by the verdict he was found guilty, and sentence was pronounced that he was to be executed on that very same day; within a few hours of the sentence, his body to be quartered, and the mutilated remains exposed in the chief towns of the kingdom; his estates confiscated; his name, fame, memory, and honours to be extinct, and his blood tainted for ever.

Greater and stronger, the nearer he approached to the goal, he rose with dignity, drew around him his sick robes, and in slow and solemn accents uttered his memorable farewell:—"My lords, the time is short; the sentence is sharp, but I thank my God, who hath made me as fit to die as you are to live."

In his last hours, he expressed to his beloved son George, then only nineteen years of age, the full assurance he felt that the testimony of the Psalmist would be verified in the case of his family: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." George, the inheritor of much of his talent, and all his virtues, had the estates restored to him at the Revolution, was high in the confidence of King William, and rose to eminence in the service of his country. His descendants have ever been amongst the most honoured of our country gentlemen, and the blood of the martyred Robert Baillie—that blood which was to be "tainted for ever"—is now allied to some of the greatest and noblest families, both in Scotland and in England. I say not, that God orders the affairs of men and of families so as always to square with our moral instinct of justice; but when he is pleased to do so, as he has done in this case most signally, then let all honest and patriotic men rejoice and take courage. The sentence of tyranny is reversed, on an appeal to the bar of Heaven.

HOW TO END A LAW-SUIT.

A TRIFLE TO SMILE AT.
FROM THE GERMAN.

THE introductory dialogue takes place between Dr. Swamp, a pottifogging lawyer, and Mr. Stickler, a small landed proprietor, his unfortunate client. They meet late at night opposite the inn where the latter is lodging, and which is closed for the night.

Stickler (*whose pockets are full of law papers*). The roads about this town of yours are inconveniently long, I think; we have been going along three quarters of an hour already.

Swamp. We are now come to our destination: here is your inn.

Stickler. Good; now I am all right. You have done me a great kindness, doctor, in guiding me hither; I should not have found the house in the day time, much less at night.

Swamp. Don't mention it, dear sir; it is not the slightest inconvenience to me. But why does a man of your consequence put up at a common tavern like this?

Stickler. What matter? this house is good enough for a farmer.

Swamp (deprecatingly). Nay, dear Mr. Stickler, how can you say so? you are a rich landed proprietor. Ha! ha! you would not like to change with some who make a great show in this very town.

Stickler. Nay, nay, let me be; one must beware of you city gentlemen. To our faces you call us landed proprietors to keep us in good humour, and when we are out of hearing, you laugh at us as simpletons. Were I to put up at your grand hotel, where I should be charged two crowns for a wax candle to light me to bed, I should have to pay like a nobleman, and after all be only looked upon as a farmer. Nay, I will put up where my father used to do before me.

Swamp. I see, Mr. Stickler, you have a bad opinion of us citizens; but I hope you make some exceptions.

Stickler. No, my dear friend—advocate—doctor—not many; you townsfolk are not good for much, and we in the country are little better. In either place, the strongest is ever in the right.

Swamp. I hope you do not allude to me.

Stickler. Ah! you must not take it ill. I don't mean you; I have a great affection for you; but not for your bill. Ha! ha! ha! my dear friend; bill—do you know how to run one up—ch?

Swamp. Dear Mr. Stickler, I wish you only knew how much trouble, fatigue, and vexation your suit has caused me; and your opponent is so extremely obstinate!

Stickler (all his temper immediately roused). The rogue! remind me not of that which raises all my spleen: that man embitters my whole life. You see, doctor, how pleasantly and contentedly I could live but for that fellow. I have a good estate, a bonny wife, healthy children, all that I need in food and raiment; but that litigious Clencher, with his law-suit, vexes my life out.

Swamp. And you have the law so completely on your side.

Stickler. That's just it! My father often told me that my grandfather owned the fish-pond. I have fished and bathed in it as a boy, and now here comes this Clencher, and attempts to deprive me of it.

Swamp. Highly criminal.

Stickler. But I will never give in; if it cost me house and lands, he shall never carry his point. Seven years has this law-suit lasted, and in those seven years I have had more vexation than the pond is worth.

Swamp. So much the greater will be the triumph when you win the cause at last.

Stickler. The shameless fellow, that Clencher! Ten years ago he came here from foreign parts, and bought the estate of my deceased neighbour. I did not think great things of him from the first: a right good fellow remains where his father was before him, and has no need to go roaming.

Swamp. That is true. "The egg would be wiser than the hen," says the proverb.

Stickler. Only such men as that Clencher cannot settle anywhere; their consciences drive them on and on, so that they are always wandering about.

Swamp. Just so. "Keep to your country, and get your bread honestly," says the proverb.

Stickler. Then he comes to reside near me on his property. At first all goes smoothly enough, and we are tolerable neighbours, until one day he comes to me, saying he wishes to build a mill, and proposes that I shall give up the fish-pond to him for the purpose. Of course I say, No! our predecessors had their corn ground at a mill three hours' distance from the estate, and we can do the same. On which the man comes to me again, and says the pond formerly belonged to his property, bringing his pockets full of acts, charts, and plans, all got up to serve the purpose of plunder, and so would force me to give up my pond.

Swamp. It is a crying shame.

Stickler. But he reckoned without his host. I am a stanch farmer, and fear no law-suit, were it to last my life. Meanwhile, my friend Clencher lays his complaint.

Swamp. But we have well served him out. He may go and build his mill elsewhere, for your pond now yields him no water.

Stickler. Water! not a pitcherful should he have if he were perishing for thirst at my feet. The rogue! did you see his wry faces to-day at the session? but he gets no pity from me.

Swamp. Quite right; only stick to that.

Stickler. And the judgment will soon be pronounced, will it not, doctor?

Swamp. Certainly, dear sir, certainly: at most in four weeks; and we cannot but win; trust me.

Stickler. And if we lose, can we appeal?

Swamp. We cannot lose.

Stickler. Good, doctor, good: I will send you a present of one of my fattest porkers when I hold the decision in my hand.

Swamp. I revel beforehand in its delicious flavour.

Stickler. And now good night, doctor, for I am sleepy. It is actually twelve o'clock; and we are not accustomed in the country to encroach upon the night.

Swamp. A good night to you then, dear sir; in four weeks I shall bring you the decision of the court.

[They shake hands, and Swamp takes his departure.]

Stickler. Good night again, and remember me to your dear wife. (*Rings the house bell.*) He is a regular skinflint, that Mr. Advocate; woe to any poor wretch who falls into his clutches! (*Rings again.*) These fellows run up bills that make one stare, but to no purpose, for they are written in Latin. (*Rings a third time.*) If it were not for my right, the fish-pond might drink itself up; but I had rather do anything than give it up to that Clencher. (*Rings a fourth time.*) Why, where is the porter? Truly the people of the house sleep soundly! And it would be time for my own people to be getting up, while these are evidently in their first sleep. (*Knocks at the window, first gently, and then louder.*) Perhaps this will wake them. But, alas! what have I done now? There goes a pane of glass! now that was stupid. But stay, if I can put my hand in and unfasten the window, I can climb in that way and so enter the house.

While in the very act of entering the window, a watchman and a policeman approach, who, mistaking the farmer for a burglar, watch the proceeding from a safe distance.

Watch (whispering). Silence! and we shall catch him.

Stickler (to himself). They may put the pane of glass down in the bill; it won't ruin me. (*And so saying, he jumps in at the open window.*)

The policeman, having crept quietly up, seizes Stickler, and exclaims, "Ha! I have caught you."

Stickler. Holloa! what's the matter?

Watch. Ay, gallows-bird, do you want to know?

Stickler. What do you want with me, fellows?

Police. To put you in the lock-up house for the present, and to-morrow morning the Commissary will inform you further.

Stickler. But why—why?

Watch to Police. The fellow jumps in at a window in the middle of the night, and asks us why we lock him up.

Stickler. Now don't be foolish: I live here.

Police. Soh! how long has the entrance been by a broken window?

Stickler. They did not open the door.

Watch. Quite right. Doors are always kept locked against such as you.

Stickler. But only hear me.

Police. What is there to hear? If you are innocent, you can prove it in the morning.

Stickler. Now, listen to reason. Here, (*feels for his purse*) take —; but eh! what is this? where have I left my purse?

Watch. Ha! ha! no doubt you left it in there, and were going to fetch it.

Stickler. No; I must have left it at the tavern.

Police. Now, no more of this shuffling. Forward!

Stickler. But at least wake up the people of the house.

Watch. There's no need. Here is a broken pane of glass, an open window, and a man climbing in at it. That's burglary. Now, without more words, march!

[*And so saying, the watch takes him by the arm.*]

Stickler. But listen! I am Stickler the landed proprietor.

Police (handcuffing him.) Ah! any rogue may pick up a fine name.

Watch. And to-night, at least, you shall be a landed proprietor.

Police (laughing.) True, Andrew, and he will be well lodged: Grabby will take care of that.

And they accordingly lead off Stickler between them, in spite of his resistance.

[To be continued.]

NOTING PROGRESS.

THE late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, at the beginning of every year, tried to ascertain the condition of his soul. Speaking in figures, we may say of him—some of the figures are borrowed from himself—that thus, as a spiritual merchant, he “took stock;” looked into his accounts, went over the doings of the year, noticed the items and balanced the amount of profit and loss. As a traveller, he marked his progress, ascertained his position, and took notice of any new scenery that opened upon him. As a physician, he examined into the state of his “soul’s health;” acknowledged soundness or detected disease; probed wounds or applied stimulants; required exercise or prescribed rest; saw the necessity for any change in the habits of the inward man; how he was famished, or how fed; where he must abstain, with what he could be regaled; noting and recording symptoms and circumstances, and forming a judgment on the whole case. Of these papers, several are contained in the volume before us. He often thus closed one year and began another; and he appears always to have distinguished the anniversary of his illness by special exercises of this sort. Under date December 25, 1813, there is a highly characteristic record of the manner in which he kept that Christmas day. And there is another paper, dated January 1, 1830, extremely interesting from the number of texts and passages of Scripture, which are collected, and arranged and turned into prayers. There is a list, too, now and then given, of “works laid out” for, or to be commenced in the course of, an anticipated year; always, I think, accompanied with the acknowledgement of Him in whose strength they were to

be attempted—with references to the motives whence they were to flow, and indications of the spirit in which they would be done. Without meaning to encourage very frequent spiritual self-anatomy, which is in danger of becoming a morbid thing,—the act itself symptomatic of disease, and terminating often in nothing, or worse; and without recommending you to be constantly putting down what you will do—I must still say, that an intelligent and thoughtful young man will find it useful, both to search into himself and to lay out the future, as Sir Fowell Buxton may be seen doing. Some people, indeed, offend rather than edify by their private disclosures;—he, never. Others spend life in planning how to live;—his plans were brief in their visible record when once formed within; and then, being formed, they were not so much written of, as fulfilled:—the things were not thought about, but done!—*Binney’s Lecture.*

GOD SERVED IN BUSINESS OR RETIREMENT.

TRUTH is not local, God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be fear’d amidst the busiest scenes,
Or scorn’d where business never intervenes.
But ’tis not easy with a mind like ours,
Conscious of weakness in its noblest powers,
And in a world where, other ills apart,
The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
To limit thought, by nature prone to stray
Wherever freakish fancy points the way;
To bid the pleadings of self-love be still,
Resign our own and seek our Maker’s will;
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
Our conduct with the laws engraven there;
To measure all that passes in the breast,
Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test;
To dive into the secret deeps within,
To spare no passion and no favourite sin,
And search the themes, important above all,
Ourselves, and our recovery from our fall.
But leisure, silence, and a mind released
From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increased,
How to secure, in some propitious hour
The point of interest or the post of power,
A soul serene, and equally retired
From objects too much dreaded or desired,
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.
Opening the map of God’s extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man;
Eternity’s unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
Thus laded, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o’ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Seal’d with His signet, whom they serve and love;
Scorn’d by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatch’d away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day. COWPER.

VARIETIES.

A MAN's nature runneth either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

HE that defers his charity until he is dead, is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's than his own.

IF a man look sharply and attentively he shall see Fortune; for, though she be blind, she is not invisible.

RICHES are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared, nor left behind; but they hinder the march.

You had better take for business a man somewhat absurd, than over formal.

GENERALLY it is good to commit the beginning of all actions to Argus with a hundred eyes, and the ends of them to Briareus with a hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speak.

BOLDNESS is blind; wherefore, it is ill in counsel, but good in execution. For in counsel, it is good to see dangers; in execution, not to see them, except they be very great.

In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

CERTAINLY, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

VIRTUE is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

LET not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY doth give an excellent defence against both extremes of religion, Superstition and Infidelity; for both it freeth the mind from a number of weak fancies and imaginations, and it raiseth the mind to acknowledge that to God all things are possible.

Sayings of Lord Bacon.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN NEWTON.—Two or three years before the death of that eminent servant of Christ, John Newton, of London, formerly of Olney, when his sight was become so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer followed, and the portion of Scripture for the day was read to him. In it occurred the verse, "By the grace of God I am what I am." It was the pious man's custom on these occasions to make a short familiar exposition on the passage read. After the reading of this text, he paused for some moments, and then uttered this affecting soliloquy:—"I am not what I ought to be—ah, how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be—I abhor what is evil, and I would cleave to what is good! I am not what I hope to be—soon, soon shall I put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet—though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say, I am not what I once was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.'"

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON A BARGAIN.—Some years ago it was proposed to him to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition, to which he assented. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke. The other replied: "It was valued at £1100, and we have got it for £800." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."—*Raikes's Journal.*

MONEY AND POVERTY.—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

A SILENT PRINTING OFFICE.—In the town of Zablagen, Wurttemberg, there has been opened a new printing establishment by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of 160. Eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated, at Mr. Helgerad's own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The king has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—An Englishman would live twenty years in a house without knowing his neighbours; a Frenchman would know all of them in twenty-four hours. Let the sociable Frenchman be planted among the tattooed islanders of the South Seas, and in two years he would be found tattooed; put an Englishman in the same position, and he would be king of the island in the time.—*Kossuth's Lecture at Edinburgh.*

It is calculated that a fluent speaker utters between 7000 and 7500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators of more than usually rapid utterance, will reach 8000 and even 9000. But 125 words a minute, or 7500 an hour, is a fair average.

HOW STAR-FISH EAT OYSTERS.—There are more ways than one even of eating an oyster, and the method adopted by the asterias is peculiar. It is quite evident, from the small size and undilatable structure of the starfish, that it can never introduce an oyster, shells and all, into its stomach, more especially as the edible mollusc is always firmly fixed upon its bed; but that is no reason why it should not put its stomach into the oyster, and thus effect its purpose in a different manner. Its mode of proceeding is as follows:—Grasping its shell-clad prey between its rays, and firmly fixing it by means of its prehensile suckers, it proceeds deliberately to turn its stomach inside out, embracing in its ample folds the helpless bivalve, and perhaps at the same time instilling some torpifying fluid; for the shells of the poor victim seized soon open, and it then becomes an easy prey.—*The Aquarian Naturalist.*

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world; while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not so much by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, as by the daily and quiet virtues of Christian life, that good is to be done.—*Albert Barnes.*

DR. BUCKLAND AS INSPECTOR OF MASONRY.—When the turrets of "Tom Tower," of Christ Church, Oxford, were undergoing repairs, during the long vacation, he had reason to suspect that all was not right. It was almost impossible for him to ascend by the slender scaffold to these turrets; so, from the window of his house (he was then Canon of Christ Church) he bethought him of watching the masons through a telescope. At last, the unsuspecting mason, working, as he thought, far above the ken of man, put in a faulty bit of stone; my father, on the look-out below, detected him through the telescope, and almost frightened the man out of his wits, when, coming out into the quadrangle, he admonished him to bring down directly "that bad bit of stone he had just built into the turrets."